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ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY

W. T. RICHARDS

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

SOME AMERICAN MARINE PAINTERS

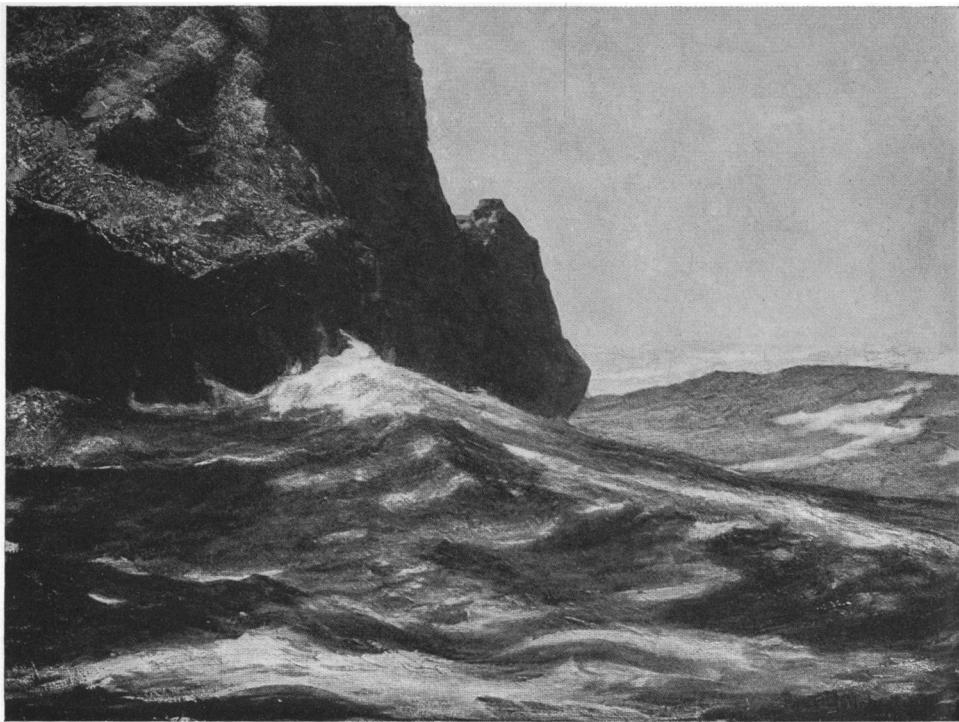
BY ANNA SEATON-SCHMIDT

FROM the days when Columbus braved the perils of unknown seas to seek a new land, each immigrant, rich or poor, has shared in his stupendous experience of crossing, for the first time, the vast waste of waters which lie between the old and the new world. Is it because of this that their descendants are now striving to express through painting every phase of that mighty ocean?

In England, in France, in Holland, many artists have painted the sea in its relation to man,—some charming bit of beach over which the waves gently break, a ship tossed and pitched by storm-lashed

waters, fishermen drawing their nets from deep blue depths—but rarely the trackless waste of the open sea where man is awed by her majestic grandeur, her obedience to those mighty laws whose mystery no science has yet fathomed. To depict this God-created power in its awful austerity, its desolate vastness, its terrible aloofness and indifference to humanity, is a task that seems reserved for our strong, young nation.

Edward Moran was one of the first to enter this untried field. He had crossed the ocean as a small child and perhaps some haunting memory of its



THE LAND AND THE SEA

PAUL DOUGHERTY

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

sublimity impelled the artist to desert, for a time, all other subjects and to dedicate his highest powers to the portrayal of its grandeur; for certainly the marine entitled "The Highway of the Nations," which has been lent to the National Gallery at Washington by its present owner, Mr. Theodore Sutro, far excels all other works by this painter. Standing before it we are impressed by the vastness of the sea, and share what must have been the emotion of the artist who thus depicted the sublimity and inscrutable power of the deep moving waters. It is a masterpiece. But Edward Moran rarely pictured the sea without other interest. The water in the majority of his paintings is but a part of an historic story, so that he can hardly be called a marine painter.

The first American to deserve this name was William T. Richards, who belonged, with Moran, to the old Hudson River School. Living many years in Newport, Rhode Island, he there learned

those subtle colorings of the ocean which he has so exquisitely rendered. The shape and size of the waves were also carefully studied and reproduced with great truthfulness—too photographically some object, but there was always a personal and charming, if limited, interpretation.

One can not write of Richards without thinking of Alexander Harrison; not because of the similarity of their work, but of its juxtaposition during many years in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, where "The Coast of New Jersey" hung as companion piece to "Le Crepuscule," one of Harrison's greatest marines. Born in Philadelphia, this artist went to Paris as a young student and with the exception of a few brief visits to this country has remained in France ever since. Not that his patriotic love for America has diminished, but he can paint more steadily in the artistic atmosphere of that old civilization than in the restless vortex of our nervously creative life. "When

I return to New York," he says, "I find my friends all doing something that seems to them far more vital than painting pictures. After a short stay I become imbued with their spirit. I am restless. I can no longer paint. Then I know that I must go back to my quiet studio in Paris."

It is there that he has won his greatest triumphs. The year that he sent his "Wave" to the Salon, sea pieces by Duez and Victor Binet were exhibited. Richard Müther, comparing the three, said that the rendering of water, the crystal transparency of the billows with their changing light was, in his case, so extraordinarily faithful that "one was tempted to declare the water of the others absolutely solid, compared with this elemental essence of moisture, this heaving, subsiding tide, this foaming revel of

waves." Undoubtedly Harrison's style of painting has been influenced by Manet, Cazin, Besnard, but he has remained a faithful student of nature, that unfailing source of noble inspiration; and she has rewarded his devotion by enabling him to perceive and to paint those marvelous nuances of luminous color which he gives us in "Le Crepuscule."

Emil Carlsen is another of nature's faithful worshipers. The pictures which she shows him are very different, but no less true. He has what the late Frank Fowler has described as a kind of specialized vision, very charming and very fine. Coming from Denmark as a young man he brought with him the old Vikings' love of the great waters. His poetic interpretation of their beauty has met with universal recognition; medals and prizes have been awarded him in



THE BREAKER

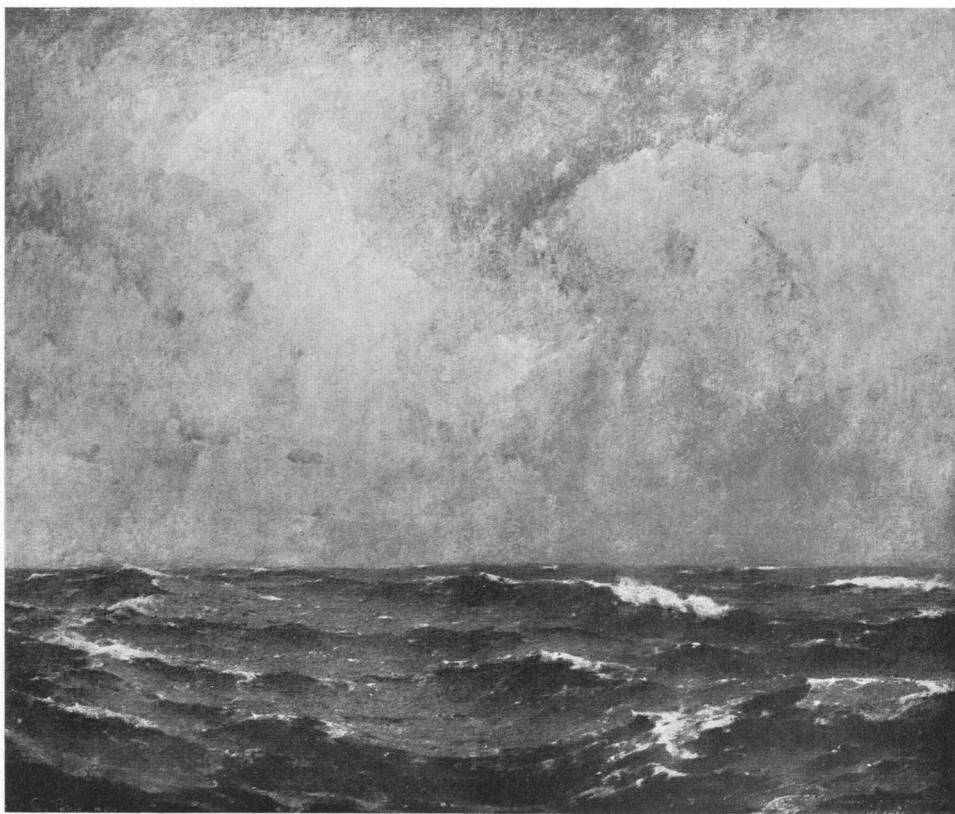
FREDERICK J. WAUGH

many exhibitions. His palette is not one of many colors, or perhaps I should say that he contents himself with quiet middle tones, never forcing his gamut to extremes of lights or darks, but his surfaces are lovely, his paintings invariably mature.

Frederick Waugh, Charles Woodbury, and Paul Dougherty belong to a younger group of painters, all of whom are doing

hearts for its many moods, its mystery, its grandeur.

All this we feel in the pictures of Frederick Waugh. Born in Philadelphia in 1863, he is an artist by inheritance, his father having been a portrait painter and his mother a miniaturist. At the age of eighteen he entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. For some years he followed his father's footsteps



THE OPEN SEA

EMIL CARLSEN

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excellent work. These three men commonly set forth the more dramatic aspect of the sea, yet each is distinctly individual.

It is not the purpose of this article to in any way compare our marine painters, but simply to indicate the immense range of subject and treatment that has been, and can still be, covered by those who follow the sea with love in their

and painted portraits. Then fate led him to England where he worked during the Boer War as illustrator on the *London Graphic*. His passionate love of the sea finally triumphed, and today he is ranked among the greatest of our marine painters. His sensitive, refined nature is peculiarly adapted to the comprehension of the sea's complexity, swiftly changing moods, myriad colors. He has studied



THE NORTHEASTER

WINSLOW HOMER

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it so long and so sympathetically that the sound of its singing is ever in his ears, the forms of its curling waves and rising billows ever before his eyes. With bold, sure strokes he gives us the dashing spray, the foaming, seething, tumbling water as it knocks and pounds against the wet, black rocks to which clings the slimy, dripping seaweed. Or he shows us the frothing surf turned to shell pink and opalescent green by sunset clouds. Or, again, he carries us far out to sea where the great waves rise and fall and man is not, nor any beast nor bird.

Out in this wasteless deep Woodbury, too, dares to venture. Many of his pictures of the open ocean make us remember that great host who have gone, but have never come back, for there the waters are unmoved by any relationship to man and answer only to the voice of the restless winds that sweep above them. Charles H. Woodbury has long stood with the strongest men in Boston and these psychological pictures of the sea must place him among the great interpretative artists of our time.

The paintings of Paul Dougherty are well known. What exhibition of the past few years but has included in its catalogue one or more of his fascinating interpretations of the ocean's endless moods? In the permanent collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art is his "Land and Sea," and in the National Gallery his "Sun and Mist" is to be found. Better than others has he interpreted atmospheric effects on luminous spray—the evanescent charm of the ever-changing sea.

Winslow Homer's paintings are chiefly to be found in the public galleries. To the current exhibitions he has not for some time made contribution. But he was indeed a giant among marine painters. He has interpreted, as none other, the primitive life of our New England coast, the life of those who "go down to the sea in ships" and cast their nets off its rocky shores. Always we feel that it was the sea which drew him, the swirling spray, the blue-black depths, the mounting waves, pounding and breaking against that rock-bound coast. In his

pictures one becomes conscious of the weight and force of the water, of its majesty and dramatic quality. They have been justly described as "epics of the sea." Perhaps Winslow Homer did

not possess the technique nor the color sense of some of our younger painters, but he did possess that ineffable something, unfathomable as his beloved ocean, which we call art.

WHISTLER'S PASTELS

BY A. E. GALLATIN



A CANAL, VENICE

J. A. MCNEILL WHISTLER

OWNED BY MR. RICHARD CANFIELD

INTO an age dominated by commercialism, vulgarity, and the spirit of gain, in which realism and ugliness were two of her artist's gods, came Whistler with his unflinching devotion to beauty—beauty for its own sake. In all of Whistler's works—paintings, watercolors, pastels, etchings, drypoints, lithographs, drawings—we are instantly impressed by their distinction and elegance: always was Whistler an aristocrat. In the course of his famous lecture on art Whistler said that "We have then but to wait—until, with the mark of the gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before." All supremely great works of art are great because of their intrinsic beauty; a masterpiece of Greek sculpture, a piece of old Chinese porcelain, an Italian bronze statuette of the Renaissance, a painting by Velasquez or one by Vermeer may be grouped together with the greatest harmony and unity of purpose; they speak the same language and have everything in common. And with them could be placed a Whistler, for he also "had the mark of the gods upon him."

Some thirty paintings by Whistler, chosen to illustrate the development of his art, were shown last Spring at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; supplementing them was an interesting group of half this number of the artist's pastels. For Whistler the pastel was certainly an ideal medium; etching and lithography were eminently adapted for his needs and very suitable for his refined and elegant art, and all his efforts